

THE ARGUENOT



FEBRUARY, 1925

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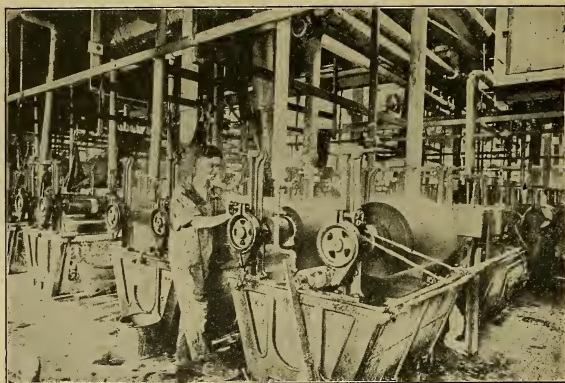
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EDITORIALS

Foreword

THERE are many things we wish to say, but they have all been said in some previous foreword. So, summing up all the dedications, good wishes, and hopes of all forewords preceding this one, we submit to our readers the first "Arguenot" of 1925.

Thinking of the Other Fellow

A LITTLE loathsome germ comes into being. It starts out recklessly on its career, alighting now in this home, now in that, gathering strength and spreading venom everywhere. It grows to such proportions that one can never recognize the monster as the tiny seed that was its origin. At length it dies, but in its brief existence it spreads disease which mars the lives of helpless victims and carries needless grief to many more.

What is this germ? The mean insinuation of a story,—a story based upon the unfounded suspicion and invention of a

sensation-grasping mind. Some call it gossip. Others use a harsher name, in keeping with the mischief that it does.

How potent is the suggestion of this dread germ! "Stronger than we are—stronger than our faith, our trust, our friendship." If only the instinctive scandal-monger would consider the sacredness of the thing with which he is so carelessly toying, and the deadliness of the weapon he employs, would he not show better self-control?

"Gossip—idle, or familiar talk; groundless rumors; tattle, as a friend with a friend; scandalous, half-confidential, ill-founded criticism—" Who can afford to soil his mind with such? Who will dare to taint another's? Let us, the students of the Norwood High School, pledge ourselves firmly against the influence of this repulsive germ. Let us refuse to bring it into being, to spread it, or to assist it in any way.

When we have tested the truth of all our statements, know that they are not "gossip," "tattle," "groundless rumors,"

—then let us test them one step further, by weighing their ultimate effect upon the other fellow. Then, certain of the veracity and harmlessness of our remarks,

we can make them with carefree conscience, certain that we are not spreading the devastating germ of gossip.

The Japanese Immigration

THE Japanese "Immigration Question" was apparently settled by the law of 1924, but it is not settled, and will not be until a fair decision is reached.

Recently, in a history outline, I noticed that Japanese laborers were classed with criminals, paupers and diseased persons of other foreign countries. Does this seem quite fair? Haven't they, as a race, as many rights as any other race? Doesn't our "Constitution," the most wonderful set of laws ever made, state that no one shall be debarred from citizenship of the United States on account of race, color, or creed? Why can't we live up to this code? As it is now, it is merely a "scrap of paper" which we can abide by or abuse, either one. The Japanese are a clever race and it is to our advantage to have these knowledge-loving people in our country. They are honest: the promises they made at the Disarmament Conference have been carried out to the fullest extent, and it may seem surprising, but they are far ahead of the United States in this work.

"They lower the standard of living," is a common cry. Is it to be brought against them because they eat one of the most healthful and nutritious foods known?

A few years ago an agreement was made between the United States and Japan, called the "Gentlemen's Agreement"; but in my estimation it might be more fittingly called the "Bully's Agreement." It was in plain language—"I am a larger country than you are. Agree with me or you will be crushed." Lately this was repealed and in its place, "No Japanese shall be allowed in this country except students and tourists."

The Japanese no longer intend to be crushed, and have, within the last week, scored a point in their own favor in the *League of Nations*: "If there be any question of the exclusion of Japanese from any country, on account of inferiority, it shall be brought before the *League of Nations*."

ELIZABETH MOLONEY, '25.

On Cross-word Puzzles

TO spend the evenings listening in on the radio is now a thing of the past. What has taken its place? Why nothing more or less than those puzzling-looking things which appear in every daily newspaper. They look like a whole lot of black and white squares without meaning, and are called cross-word puzzles.

Everyone must admit that he or she

has tried, and probably finished, several of these puzzles. Why, everyone has the craze! When you pay a visit to your dentist, you wonder why he greets you with such a broad smile. Surely he can't think it's any fun to have a tooth pulled. Ah! at last the broad-smile mystery is solved, for upon bidding you farewell, he casually asks, "Do you happen to know what a stocking manu-

facturer tells about his goods? It is a word of four letters. The second letter is 'a' and 'n' is the fourth letter."

Oh those cross-word puzzles! But still your curiosity enables you to think. After a few seconds you reply, "The word you want is 'yarn'."

Next time you have an undesirable errand to do, such as asking for a raise, or coming back in the afternoon for make-up work, just bring along a cross-word puzzle and get your employer or teacher interested in it.

Some people call them worthless, but they aren't so bad after all, for they serve many purposes. The housewife finds them the best means for keeping her husband at home nights; they keep the children out of mischief; they develop the brain of high school pupils; they are the best form of amusement in the study hall and some find solving them an interesting way of spending the rest period between the halves of a football game.

HELEN GOTTBURG, '24.

Ashes

ASHES are the most bothersome, useless, unnecessary, trouble-making things in the world. They are in powdered or lump form, mostly whitish-grey in color. They are the creatures that all of us unfortunate boys must sort over to find the mischievous pieces of coal that insist on hiding from us. The ashes must be of the feminine sex because they are continuously talking. Their chief conversation is, "Take me

out. Take me out." No sooner are they "taken out," than they demand the same thing over again.

Ashes resemble bacteria immensely, because there are so many of them and because they grow so quickly. I think that Rockefeller and Carnegie and Eastman and some of the other wealthy people should give a few billions for the abolition of these fast-growing enemies.

ARTHUR HAUCK, '27.

U-Cards

Yellow cards and pink cards,
And oh, how much they hold!
Your rank and my rank
Upon their face is told.

Yellow cards and pink cards,
And oh, what woe they wake
In your home and my home;
And all for knowledge' sake!

Yellow cards and pink cards—
We're handed them at night;
Your hopes and my hopes
Are shattered at the sight.

Yellow cards and pink cards—
They always start a fuss.
Yellow cards and pink cards—
They mean a lot to us!

But though we moan and 'wail our fate,
We know that we deserve the rate.

D. WILLIAMS, '25.



Would You Believe It?

AT last! The height of my ambition. I was an explorer. Yes, a real, dyed-in-the-wool discoverer. (I meant to discover and name new birds, beasts and fishes; you understand.) So one day, properly attired in rubber boots, a sheepskin coat, fur mittens, 'neverthing tra-la-la, everything, I set out. Everything about me spelled "explorer," but why not? I was an explorer, wasn't I? Surely I was.

Later, as my good ship, "Swallowit," sailed into Sinkerflote Bay, I was overwhelmed with good luck. Swimming beside us, in front of us, in back of us—in fact, all around us, was a school of gallumpuses.

What is a gallumpus? Where did you go to school? A gallumpus is a triangular porpoise, dark green in color. Don't gasp so. If I weren't sure of my facts, do you think I'd write this? His green hair, about a foot long, is quite kinky, because, when baby gallumpus is still small, mama gallumpus braids his hair. Then when he is big, she unbraids it, so that his fuzzy fur is full of waterproof waves. In this dense furriness, pink skinny fleas play leap-frog and slippery slide, which games are the extent of their education, at present.

Well, as I was saying, a school of gallumpuses swam by. Rushing to the edge of my ship, I said in my clear, musical voice, "Come here old gal, I'd like a ride on your broad, equilateral back." The one I addressed came up and whistled a dirge in B-minor. This was the signal for me to leave my safe ship and give myself up to his tender mercies. This I did, in fear and trembling, but I had to do it, so as to help the world learn of new things. It was, in fact, my bounden duty. What a mean, grasping disposition that grandpa gallumpus had! He turned his head, quick as a flash, and pulled off my right rubber boot. I suppose he was taking it for fun. Anyway, how quickly I could have shot him, except that my gun was in my boat! That boot was Raymond's best! He swallowed it just as tho' it were an all-day sucker.

To continue. Gallumping along over the greasy water, we came to a sign which said "Down." Now I am not a believer in signs, but that gallumpus— We certainly went down. And down we kept on going for what seemed ages. We passed many fritter-fishes, but not a scrapple did we see; so we knew the bottom would be muddy.

Down rushed the gallumpus. Suddenly he turned turtle—upside down, you know; he didn't turn into a turtle. I, on his back, turned turtle also. My mouth was filled with mud; so I knew I was stuck in the mud with my head as the sticker. (If you want to feel funny just try this for an exercise.) How long I stayed there I do not know. Little fishes nibbled me. Big fishes bit me. Hornpouts horned me. That scar? Oh! not a fish, a flivver.

One day, when I had given up all hope of being rescued, and had decided that I should always be a stick-in-the-mud, I felt what seemed like a large-horned hornpout in my left rubber-boot leg. I soon discovered my error, though, for I was pulled up to the surface. Once

there, I told my tale to my rescuers just as I have told it to you.

I rushed home, overjoyed at my miraculous escape. My wife greeted me with the greatest love which one human can bestow on another. My children, too, were sweet. How lucky I was to have escaped from that terrible Sinkerflote Bay!

My wife urged me to retire. This I did with the greatest of pleasure.

Next morning, however, she heard my tale with wonder. She looked (oh most cruel of cruelties!)—she looked as though she didn't believe me!

"Angot," she said, addressing me, "please sleep on your left side tomorrow evening!"

MARY WOLFE, '25.

Static

Went to see a neighbor
To hear his radio:
He turned and cursed those little dials—
But then his face did glow!

So hush then, be quiet;
It wasn't very clear—
—Why, 'twas only Medford Hillside,
Just a few miles from here!

He hoped that it was Cuba
Or some land across the sea,
For there was no earthly reason
Why it shouldn't be!

Moral
Little bits of noises,
Little bits of static,
Make the people crazy
Who once were but erratic!

BARBARA JORDAN, '26.

Is the Quarry Worth the Chase?

HALF-BURIED in the warm and gorgeous leaves, I dozed beneath the branches of a huge maple tree. The barley fields on my right were enshrouded in a golden, misty veil of sunshine. The pleasing gurgle of flowing waters came to my ears. The droning of nearby insects was slowly lulling my mind and body to rest.

Suddenly I was aroused from my peaceful lethargy by the sonorous baying of hounds. With startling clearness their howls cut through the honey-laden air. Scarcely had I jerked myself erect, when straight toward me there dashed from the underbrush a small, silver fox, its body shining against the vari-colored leaves as do pebbles when skipped across

the waves. Too intent upon escape to heed my presence, it swept close by me, and, as it passed, I imagined I saw in its terror-stricken eyes a despairing appeal for help.

But ere it had disappeared from my sight, the hounds, in close pursuit, had leapt after it into the barley field. Quickly I followed in their devastating wake, for as they whirled through the wheat, their heavy bodies crushed the slender stalks or snapped them off. Here I found a small ant hill completely demolished; there, what had once been a bird's nest, but was now merely a litter of broken eggshells.

I had not far to follow, for in a moment or two the exultant yelps of the dogs told of the capture of their game. When I arrived upon the scene, the limp figure of the fox was lying upon the ground, a horrid scar upon the face of the earth. Its beautiful pelt was rent and bloody; the eyes were still distended in fear and seemed, mutely, to reproach me.

I could do nothing; so, with hatred in my heart for the perpetrators of this crime, I withdrew, just as the huntsmen came cantering up. As I slipped away into the field again, one remarked, "Tremendous sport, what? Especially, when we have such success as this!"

Success? I writhed at the word. Was it success to kill a beautiful animal, doubtless evil in some respects, but still a creation of God? Was it success, if in gaining their object, the lives of others were wrecked and the serenity of the world shattered? Did the end really justify the means?

These indignant musings brought to my attention the fact that the world at large did not differ greatly from this little tragedy which I had just seen enacted; that the pursuit of success too often leaves in its wake devastation and

disaster; that success itself, the watchword of admiration, the password to the kingdom of power, all too frequently results in or from the misfortunes of others.

I recalled, in particular, a recent article in which the Kaiser had remarked, "A glorious German Republic has arisen from the ruins of the World War." But, ah, the price involved in the attaining of that "glorious German Republic"! The slaughter of millions of young men, the ravaging of prosperous countrysides, the destruction of beautiful and sacred edifices, is too much to demand! Surely, the most wonderful success is too costly, if it must be nourished on human blood! The highest achievement is not worthy of the horror it involves!

To the criminal, success means the carrying out of whatever foul purpose he has in mind; but in gaining what he calls success, he invariably destroys the happiness of others. To the policeman, success means the capture of the criminal; but in doing this, he reveals too often such filth of mind and body as had better been left covered, for laid bare, it spreads and festers in the minds and hearts of others. To the politician, success means the obtaining of power, but more often than not this is done through the corruption and dishonesty of his tools. To the business man it is the amassing of wealth, almost invariably through oppressing the weak. To the philosopher, it is the finding of truth, which, when found, by destroying the foundations on which the lives and hopes of millions are erected, causes irremediable harm.

We have been taught that to gain success is our chief purpose in life; but if in doing so we work irrevocable wrong, is success justifiable?

G. POTTER, '25.

The Sleuth

A BANK had been robbed of \$300,000 one stormy night. But who should worry? It was soon to be returned, for was not Nick Carter, the famous dog and criminal catcher, on the trail?

The morning after the robbery, when the bank was crowded, an old farmer appeared with his twenty-cent pieces of cut plug peeping shyly out from behind his generous ears, and cried, "I am the greatest dog and criminal catcher the world has ever known of, 'Nick Carter.'"

A boy beside him quickly shouted to the crowd, "Here he is, ladies and gents, and only five cents a peek to look at the only original! Please don't crowd."

Nick, being so received, angrily put one cut plug into his mouth and entered the part of the bank where the safe was. When he had examined the safe and its surroundings thoroughly with the crystal from his watch, he said to the President of the bank, "It is a 'he' because here is a hair belonging to him which is short like a male's and he parts his hair in the middle, for you can see the curl of this hair. He is extremely homely because

you can see that the mirror has been cracked at, or since, the robbery. He wears size four and one-half shoes because here is the imprint of his shoe on the fly paper. Too bad he didn't put his hand there, also. He has large teeth, for you can see where he tested this gold piece by biting, which leaves the impression of his teeth. Oh! here are some letters on a handkerchief which are "E. (H.) C." I suppose the "H" is his nickname.

Two weeks later the problem was still unsolved and one night while going home, Nick was shot at and seriously wounded by a pea shooter which was very high-powered and so he was confined to bed until he got over his headache, for he had been hit in the head.

A week later the President of the bank received a telegram saying: "My real name begins with E. (H.) C. and I'm a pupil of the Norwood High School. Try to find me. It's too bad you did not recognize me by my description of E. (H.) C. I robbed the bank. I'm rich. Pay the messenger! Nick Carter."

FRANCIS GRANAHAN, '26.

On Building a Radio Set

SOMETIME during the life of a real radio fan, he is possessed with the desire to build a radio set. So he gathers all the literature he can obtain about the certain set which he is to construct. He also confers with other radio enthusiasts in his neighborhood, discussing freely the merits of the set on which he has decided. The fan now burns the "midnight oil" poring over various catalogues and radio magazines in an attempt to ascertain what apparatus would go best in his particular set. At last he

reaches the conclusion that having read all there is to be said on the set and having obtained good apparatus, he is ready to start building it.

But here, in my opinion, is where he makes a great mistake. I think that before he begins the construction of the set, he should answer the advertisement that reads something like this: "Be master of your temper. Let me tell you how. Write today for further particulars," etc.

The student, having taken an intense

course on this subject, should test himself, if he be a high school pupil, by trying to do his home lessons in the living room where mother and neighbor so and so, are holding a discussion as to the merits of Mrs. Busybody's piccalilli.

If the radio fan is able to withstand the desire to leap through the window, he is, in my opinion, ready to build his set.

CHESTER A. BAILEY, '25.

A Little Bit of Advice

A Little Bit of Advice

'Twas the day before the final test;

I put my books aside;

Thinking myself the cleverest,

I let not my conscience guide.

The evening slowly dragged on and on;

Soon the curfew blew.

The night now was nearly gone—

My lesson yet to do.

I came into the class next morn,

And I was feelin' mighty blue.

That fatal test the board adorned;

My paper blank when I got through.

Now listen, friends and classmates too,

In order not to mar your name,

Just study your lesson through and through;

Then for yourself you'll gain some fame.

GRACE CLAPP, '26.

My Ambition

TO most people and especially young people, my ambition may seem absurd or even foolish. However, to me it is no joke. I've tried it time after time, but always with the same result—failure! What is my ambition? To learn how to skate! It may sound easy enough to you natural-born—or otherwise—skaters, but to me it is the trial of my life. It is rather disheartening when your chums are going skating and don't bother even to ask you to join them. They undoubtedly talk it over among themselves and come to the conclusion that it's of no use to ask her anyway; all she can do is fall down and pick herself up.

You may say that practise makes perfect. I'm beginning to think I'm the exception to prove that rule. It's non-valid when I try to skate. Then again some helpful one may say, surely a good teacher could help you. I've had my

experience in that line too. The Boston Arena is credited with having some good skaters whose duty it is to teach people to skate. As a last resort I went in there. I managed to get on the skates all right, and started off by digging one toe in the ice and dragging the other leg after me. My would-be instructor corrected me on this. The next time I started off I immediately proceeded to fall down. Any one who has been in the Arena knows what that means. Upon trying to raise myself I was politely knocked down again by someone who turned around and said, "Pardon me!" The teacher was of no help. Every time he would try to help me up I would show my gratitude by dragging him down, too. After spending one evening in there, I came to the conclusion that Darwin was right when he talked about the "survival of the fittest"! MARY M. RYAN '26.

Family Discords

"JEANNETTE, it wasn't right that time."

"Mother, please leave me alone. You know I can't practice when you're listening." I walked right out of the room. Not only had I struck a discord, but my mother had also. I went to my own bedroom and sat down with a thud. My mood changed immediately, however, from an indignant to a joyous one. This was unusual after such an occurrence, but I had found a subject for my essay—"Family Discords."

This word, "discords," seems to express my feelings best. They are not lasting quarrels, insinuating remarks, or fights, but just discords. There are many. They happen daily. Some are trifling incidents, but gain unnecessary importance in the day's routine.

For instance, my sister knocks at my door in the morning to wake me up.

"I'm glad she didn't forget, or I might have been late for school." I say to myself, "I'll rest just a few minutes longer."

Another knock. "Get up, Jeannette," says my sister.

"Oh! what does she have to do that for? Doesn't she think I know what time it is?"

And again—

Mother speaking, "Jeannette, will you

please go upstairs and get me some thread?"

"Just a minute," I answer. "I'm busy studying."

"After you get the thread, I want you to go to the store," says mother.

"Yes," I answer in rather a disgusted tone, for it gets on my nerves to have one tell me to do so many things at once.

I sit with my head buried in my book, when I hear my father call, "Jeannette, you'd better get at your studying and not leave it for Sunday."

"I am," I holler in a short, curt tone, and aside—"I wish they wouldn't pay so much attention to my business."

The hero is riding at a terrible speed. "Oh! I hope he gets there in time."

"Dad, don't you think Jeannette ought to go to bed? She's been up late every night this week. I was never allowed to stay up so late, when I was her age." All this comes from my oldest sister.

"I wish she would invent a new one. That excuse is about worn out," I think to myself.

And so it is, every day these little things occur. But just as discords in music serve by contrast to emphasize its beauty, so the prevalent discords of life bring out and emphasize its underlying beauty and good.

JEANNETTE ROSENGREN, '25.

My Home Studies and I

EVERY Friday at the beginning of the sixth period I am filled with great relief that the week has passed as it has. I gaze absently into the pages of my Biology book and remember my hurried and half-done lessons. Then and there, I resolve to bring home every one of my

studies and not only study my lessons thoroughly, but polish up a little on my formerly hurried work.

As I am to work so hard over the week-end, I gaze idly into space and enjoy a little rest for the remainder of the period. At the close of the sixth

period, I lazily gather my books and drag myself to my home room. The seventh period is practically all used in gathering my studies and papers and dreaming of my studying and of the easy week. During my way home I plan to do my geometry Friday night.

Night comes and just as I am about to get my geometry book, Mother asks me to go shopping with her. I do and leave my geometry to be done with my English Saturday night.

Saturday night is soon here and I feel greatly perplexed at my sudden drop of ambition. I faithfully get my geometry and English books. I lay them on the table and I begin with the cross-word puzzle. Father and Mother occasionally ask me why I don't begin my lessons. I grunt, "I will in a minute. I've only to find a word which means 'to walk nimbly'." So the time flies on. Mother startles me with the announcement that I had better have my bath now. With great disgust and surprise I look at the clock which points at eight-thirty. Hating myself, I swear to do my studies between two and five o'clock Sunday, let come what will.

Sunday arrives, but at one-thirty friends come and we go riding. I remember my resolutions with scorn but console myself with the fact that there is ample time from six to nine o'clock. I expect to arrive home at six. We enjoy a long ride and go to our friends' home and stay for supper. At eight-thirty we start for home. As soon as we arrive, I get my books and sit down to study.

Father looks at me and says, "This is no time to begin your lessons. You've had plenty of time before now." Mother says something of the same kind.

My family shortly goes to bed and I sit into the night studying and wishing vainly that I had not idled away my time during the sixth and seventh periods. I wish still harder that my lessons were "thoroughly studied and my formerly hurried work were polished." So go the days, weeks, and months and at the close of the school year I manage to make the next grade. I wonder if I'll ever start my studies before Sunday night.

RUTH GUSTAFSON, '27.

We Live in Deeds, Not Years

"We Live in Deeds, Not Years"
 "More blessed to give than to receive"—
 The Good Book tells us so.
 A helping hand or a word of cheer
 Costs nothing to bestow.

A kindly deed from an honest heart
 Is the gift supreme always,
 Freely performed without hope of reward,
 Neither tarnishes nor decays,

On the road of life, whither all are bound,
 Beggar and prince as well,
 In raiment gorgeous, or rags "galore,"
 The richer, who can tell?

In following Friendship where Justice
 leads,
 "Writings on the wall," we scan;
 But the one we all like best to read
 Is, "He loved his fellowman."

TERESA WELCH, '25.

The Adventure

JIM looked up from his paper with a strange expression on his face.

"What's the matter?" cried Bill. "Anyone would think you had a gold mine within your grasp."

"We have," replied Jim, without offering an explanation.

"Come! Come! Let me into your secret. What is it all about?" persisted Bill, for he was unable to control his curiosity.

"Well, you see, there is to be an aeroplane contest over at 'Los' the twenty-third of this month, and I think we should enroll the 'Adventurer' for the hundred-mile race. You know we have perfected our little old monoplane in many ways, and if we succeed in placing that new device on our engine before the race, the prize is ours."

The boys had much confidence in the Adventurer, for they had succeeded in defeating the Bluebird not two months before. The Bluebird had once been considered the best and speediest plane west of the Mississippi, but now its title was shattered.

There was much work to be done on the monoplane, which the boys set their hearts on, for it must be in A-1 condition for the big race.

The time sped by very quickly, and not until two days before the race was the monoplane completed and ready for the trial flight.

The trial flight proved a success, and the boys were pleased beyond measure at the speed of their craft, and they seemed to have no doubt in their minds as to the outcome of the race.

An easy victory was not to be had, however, for they found out that their rival, Joe Cooper, also had a plane which was considered far superior to any other plane.

The day of the race dawned sunny and clear, and it seemed that all Los Angeles had come to the fair grounds to witness the big event.

The race started off in good shape, although the Adventurer had been forced into second place, the leader being Joe Cooper, who had a smaller and lighter plane which seemed to have unheard-of power stored up in its small engine, for it forged ahead with alarming rapidity.

The Adventurer was too far behind the leader for comfort, and it was necessary for Jim to put on full power. The result was wonderful, for the Adventurer seemed to snap forward as though it were an arrow shot from a bow. This tremendous speed was not quite enough, for it only served to bring the two rival planes up side by side.

The noses of the two crafts were pointed straight for a big black cloud, which seemed to have appeared from nowhere, and, seeing no short way around it, they plunged into its cold interior. It proved to be a bad move, however, for they had flown into a hurricane. Lightning flashed all around them and the terrific wind made the plane creak and groan as it whistled through the wires and supports.

Jim had a hard time to control the plane, for the Adventurer tossed around like a toy kite in a gale. The terrific strain did not last much longer, for they soon burst out into the sunshine again.

The boys had practically won the race, for most of the other planes had dropped out of the race when it had become clear to their pilots that they had no chance of winning. An exclamation from Jim turned Bill's eyes towards the earth. Far below they could see the white wings of Joe Cooper's plane as it crashed into

a large wheat field, a total wreck. The hurricane, being too much for their rivals' frail craft, had completely demolished it.

There was much cheering for the two boys as they crossed the finish line, the

victors. The boys were very much pleased with their victory, although they were very sorry for Joe Cooper whose flight had had such a horrible ending.

ARTHUR G. DARLING, '27.

Alien

I pass through crowds alone. The cadence of some voice

Awakens memories that should have long been dead.

The moment lives. Unruly thoughts rejoice.

With incidents as these is longing fed.

First to remember. Then to realize

The past is truer than the now.

My dreams above my very life I prize—

"I'll back to them! I will!" I vow.

A thousand years before I can return.

A thousand years to wait, to long, to yearn.

A thousand years my heart must ache and burn.

A thousand—

Dreams, hence! go!

Calm patience I must learn.

M. S. LINDBERG, '25.

Indicators of Personality

MUCH has been said and written on the subject of hats, shoes, motions and numerous other things as indicators of personality, but personally I believe the hands to be the most expressive indicators of personality. If you were to examine the many hands around you with the idea of discovering a person's personality, I wager that nine times out of ten your conclusions would be correct.

There is that long-fingered white hand with its too highly polished nails, a sure indicator of a fastidious nature. Not keen about work, nor interested in much else, either. Then we see that strong-looking hand, clean and with well kept

nails, that seem to point out the owner, as a conscientious, kind-hearted sort one to whom people go with their troubles. Next, is the thin cold-looking, prominently-veined hand that seems to have selfishness written all over it. The possessor of a jolly, easy-going temperament invariably has a small, plump hand, usually warm to the touch and suggestive of simplicity and comradeship.

Lastly, there is the dirty hand with its bitten nails, that marks the owner as a careless sort who allows things to slip by unnoticed, being apt to worry very little or none at all.

To check up on my observations, just notice, at a moment of leisure, the many

hands with which you come in contact during the day, and after drawing your conclusion upon examining the hand, glance at the person's face and there the whole story will be written out, because,

though "you can't judge a book by its cover," you can certainly judge a man by his face and, I might add more forcibly, by his hands.

LOUISE E. NUGENT, '25.

"Mr. Frost"

Mr. Jack Frost is already here,
And in the early morning we see
The ground covered far and near
With the finest coating that ever could be.

Mr. Jack Frost, who is a very wise man,
Can open the chestnut and hickory burs,
And by his mighty power he can
Make us put on our heaviest furs.

He paints pictures on our window panes
Of trees and bushes and hills;
And when he comes to our grassy lanes,
He covers them with a coating of frills.

FRANK NYBORN, '27.

The First Basket-Ball Practice

THE day for the first basket-ball practice comes very slowly. For three weeks there has not been a thing to do, but at last the day has arrived. There are many boys of all sizes and descriptions out for the team. At present we are shooting baskets but finally the coach comes in and the real practice begins.

For the first five minutes everything is OK; but then weights creep into my shoes and something begins to pound at my ribs. Then, when I am about ready to drop, the whistle blows and practice ends. All to no avail, however, for Mr. Murray tells us to line up, and then, oh

cruel fates, we go through the floor drill. This drill is a slight form of exercise which coaches have invented to make their players want to stay in nights. At last, when all the Spartan in me is worn away, this drill comes to a close.

But then, horrors upon horrors, Mr. Murray calls out, "Ten times around the hall and make it fast." Every step is like pulling teeth but everything has an end and this is no exception. Slowly we creep downstairs to take our showers and from there home. No lessons will be done that night, but everyone will be in bed by seven.

MOLLOY, '25.

Asking for a Raise

MY employer was the typical boss, as pictured by the Comedy Cartoons. He had that lordly appearance, except when he was angry, and the ever-

present gold-rimmed glasses. As I left the office that night, I felt how lucky I was to get way alive.

On arriving at my home, my wife

burst into the front hall and said, "Oh Jim, I saw the most beautiful fur coat today. I wish you would ask the boss for a raise so that I can buy it." I remembered how my boss, Mr. Rulum, had felt when I left, and I was aware of a sudden weakness of my heart.

I managed to eat my supper and get set for a pleasant evening with the night's paper. However, the headlines which met my eyes were, "Boss Kills Employee for Demanding a Higher Salary." Then followed the details of how the employer had thrown his victim from a fourth-story window to the pavement below. You can well imagine how much I enjoyed the rest of that paper.

Once I was in bed and all settled for a good night's sleep, the thoughts of the morrow kept popping into my head. Would Mr. Rulum just injure me for life, or kill me? I believe I slept from one-thirty until two o'clock that night!

The last thing which my wife said as I left the house was, "Dearest, be sure to get your raise."

"I sure will," I replied, "right through

the window to the pavement below." Then I turned around for a last look at the dear old homestead.

I finally arrived at the office building, stepped into the elevator and started my last trip. One, two, three, four stories it took me, then I got out. Seeing a chair handy, I sat down to get up courage to face the boss. The office-boy came by and asked, "What's the matter? You look as though you were going to be killed?"

"I agree with you perfectly," I answered, "I am."

I summoned all my courage, opened the door and walked in. The boss was waiting for me, looking like a thundercloud.

"You are three minutes late," he roared. I agreed with him, then blurted out my mission.

"Give you a raise," he thundered. "Why, of course I will." I immediately toppled over the wastebasket, hit my head on the floor, and was knocked unconscious.

LUTHER HOWES, '27.

Friends

When all is going well with you,
You'll come across a friend
Who'll pat you on the back and say,
"I'm with you to the end."

When the glory of the gods is yours
And the course of fame you ride,
There's another sort of Pal, the kind
That's ever at your side.

But when your luck has left you
And you're penniless and blue,
And you meet those friends upon the
street—
Why say! They don't know you!

And the Pal who only yesterday
Was bringing you great cheer,
Will see you on the street today
And pass you with a sneer.

So take this slight remembrance, boys;
May it abide with you,
That it's not your friend in fortune
But in poverty that's true.

F. G. PENDERGAST, '25.

James

"ZING-A-LING," rang out the telephone in 309. The teacher immediately answered "309." For a moment there was silence and then came the message, "James, to the office." Then Jimmy, our hero, closed his books and with nervous movements left the room amidst the grins of his beloved comrades. As Jimmy walked down the corridor, he wondered what he was wanted for. Many guilty acts and deeds, with visions of lovely marks, passed through his mind. When he reached the office, after an interval which seemed altogether too quick, he was startled. From behind the dungeon marked "Private" he heard some terrible sounds. It seemed to him as though someone were having the "rattan test," inflicted upon him. Then came the stern word, "Next,"

and Jimmy saw another poor unfortunate like himself emerge, wounded, from the office.

How Jimmy ever walked into that office unsupported, still remains a mystery, but he did. "James!" said the principal sternly, "you are far more guilty than the culprit you just saw leave this office. Therefore, your punishment is to be far greater. Have you anything to say for yourself, or any message you wish left to your parents?"

This was enough! Jimmy stood shaking like a leaf, sweating cold drops of perspiration which seemed to freeze on his forehead. With a great effort he pulled himself together and said, "Yes Mr. Conscience, it is true! I did not pay my class dues!"

FRANCIS J. CURRAN, '27.

The Art of Living With Others

YOU may not think that living with others is an art, but I believe that it is one of the finest and most difficult of arts. By learning it early in life, we save ourselves many unpleasant experiences. If we are difficult to live with, our punishment is severe. No one will live with us who can escape us. We all know people who, upon entering a room, bring with them a cloud. On the other hand, we know people whose coming always brings sunshine. It goes without saying that we should rather live with the people of the latter disposition.

One may be honest, sincere, generous and kind, and yet be difficult to live with. Most of us have little faults which arise within us almost unnoticed and which grow upon us as we grow older.

Some of these faults cause people to want to avoid us, and seek the company of those who are more pleasant to have around. Everyone wants to be liked. It is our duty, as well as our right, to aim to be a person whose presence brings gladness to others.

What are some of the little faults which spoil an otherwise pleasant character? Unnecessary criticism of others is one. We all need more friends who are not afraid to tell us our faults in order to help us to overcome them; who will even run the risk of losing our friendship in order that they may help us to be true to our best selves. But how much of the fault-finding in the world is intended to do any good? The next time that we are tempted to find fault, let us ask ourselves two questions. First, will

it do any good? Next, am I doing it in the right spirit? If we cannot answer, better keep still.

Another little fault is grumbling. Grumbling would never have an opportunity to develop in us if we were not surrounded by those who love us, make excuses for us, and put up with us.

A hot temper is another one of our faults. One cannot live peaceably with another until he has learned to control it. A display of temper lasts only for an instant. Yet during that time what may we not say or do? We lose control of ourselves, and say things of which we are bitterly repentant after they are uttered.

Self-will is another menace to our character. It is a determination to have one's own way. People have heated discussions over mere trifles which amount to nothing at all.

An intolerant person is hard to live with. Such a person thinks that any point of view, other than his own, is wrong. He is unable to see things as others see them.

No one likes to live with a selfish person. Selfishness is at the bottom of most of the evils of the world. Habits of selfishness are developed in the home.

These are some of the reasons why most of us are hard to live with. There are people who have had at least one of these faults, but have accomplished some good in the world. Yet the good accomplished might have been far greater and their lives made much happier if they had had a character free from these faults. They would have been more comfortable to live with, a more pleasant person to have around.

GLADYS KEITH, '25.

Things Happen That Way

THE wood fire crackled and the tea-kettle sang merrily in the kitchen. The little old woman sat before the fire and her needles clicked away in an accompaniment to the tune from the kettle. Everything was calm and peaceful with that peacefulness which seems to radiate happiness.

Outside, war had raged furiously. Just one week ago peace had been declared and the little woman was glad. Her face wore a peaceful smile, quiet and contented. La belle France might lie in ruins, but her own little home had so far remained intact. And so she knitted and waited and waited. She watched the clock as it ticked the seconds by monotonously, and she rose from her chair and walked to the window, drawing back the curtain that she might see more

clearly down the long, dusty road. She returned to her seat, picked up her knitting, and one heard the steady and rhythmic click of the needles as before. She bent her head that she might hear the more keenly and she waited anxiously. Again she rose and approached the window. Far down the road two black objects appeared—took shape as the forms of two men.

The little woman hummed a song as she turned from the window and from a shelf set forth on the rickety wooden table three chipped cups and saucers. The smile played about her features and the anxious look had gone from her face.

Then a knock came at the door. The little woman turned, smiling tremulously, and called, "Come in." The door opened

and two soldiers stepped into the room.

You are under arrest, Madame, by the Kaiser's orders."

The little woman turned pale but asked no questions. Bewildered, she took the papers from his hand . . . "to be tried as a spy against the Fatherland . . ." appeared before her blurred eyes. Then her lips murmured, "The proof—have you any proof?"

For answer the men smiled grimly and one extracted from his pocket an official looking document. No need of a confession now—the woman's face told the story. She had been watched or—she had been betrayed! Had the other party turned traitor to her, his mother; to France, his country? Her eyes asked the question.

The soldier spoke gruffly. "He was

shot in crossing the lines; the code and all were in his coat."

Praise God for that! Her son had indeed remained true. The woman's relief showed in her face. Hers was to be the supreme sacrifice—his was to reap the glory. "To die for one's country is sweet and beautiful"—the words flashed through her brain—but, to die for la belle France, her country, why, that was glorious!

Meekly she held forth her hands,—the bracelets are snapped on and she went forth from the little home that had remained intact for so long. And still the fire crackled merrily and the tea-kettle sang on, but one hears no more the steady click of the needles as the little old woman sits and knits.

D. WILLIAMS, '25.

Ted's Neighbor

TED was out with his "snap shot." To tell the truth, it was all snap now, and the shots failed to take any effect. That, indeed, was the reason why Cousin Bert had given it to him; but it suited Ted just as well, and he went out daily to take "photographs" to take home to his mother, when his visit at Aunt Hester's should be over. This day he could not find views that quite suited him, and, growing bolder than usual, he ventured around the corner and finally down to a street that was wholly unlike the one he had left.

Here he suddenly came upon a very interesting subject, so interesting that he quite forgot to attempt a picture, but stood gazing in silent wonder. A boy, but a little older than himself, stood leaning against a wall; and such a looking boy! His clothing was a tattered fragment of shirt and a pair of ragged

trousers that must originally have belonged to some one twice his size. What was the matter with him? Ted wondered; and what could have happened to his clothes? Suddenly a light of comprehension came to his puzzled little face.

"Did you fall among the thieves?" he asked.

"Didn't fall nowheres," answered the young stranger scornfully. "Some big fellers stole my blackin' kit."

Ted was doubtful for a moment.

"Twas thieves, then," he exclaimed. "I'm your neighbor! Come right along to Aunt Hester. What's your name?"

"Nick," answered the young stranger.

"Well, Nick, come to Aunt Hester's house. She knows all about you."

"No, she doesn't neither," replied Nick suspiciously.

"She knows about somebody just like

you, 'cause she told us about him Sunday," declared Ted, "and she'll know how to help you and get your clothes and things."

That prospect was too tempting to be resisted, and so a few minutes later Aunt Hester was surprised, in the midst of her morning work, by the arrival of her strange visitor.

"Teddy Lane! whom have you there?" she asked in amazement.

"It's my neighbor," said Ted joyfully, "and I've been doing 'likewise,' just as you told us Sunday, Aunt Hester. 'Twas thieves and 'twas wayside, just like the story—only I'm glad Nick isn't most dead—and so I brought him to you."

Aunt Hester was suspicious of street boys, and she might have passed this one any busy day without a second

thought, but her eyes grew dim now as she listened to his story and saw what a little fellow he was to be battling alone with the world.

"He is our neighbor, isn't he, Aunt Hester?" questioned Ted, mistaking her silence. "I'll give you my two cents, like the man in the story, but I don't know any other inn to take him to."

"No, no child! It's all right," she said hurriedly. "All right." Nick certainly thought it was an hour later when, washed, fed, and comfortably clothed, and with the still more comfortable sense of having friends who would help him in any hour of need, he went on his way again. Ted looked after him happily, but he did not quite understand why Aunt Hester called him—Teddy—"a bright little commentator."

DOROTHY W. THOMPSON, '26.

New Year's Resolutions

I made them, many,
I made them fast,
And thought that I
Could make them last.

I dropped a few,
I broke some more,
Until at last
They were a bore.

Next Year again
I'll start anew,
And make and try,
And break *them* too.

BARBARA FEENEY, '26.

"Oh, Blah"

IT is said that Nature never produces doubles, a fortunate circumstance in most cases. I, in particular, have been noted from childhood because of the singularity of my features and coloring. My father and mother both deny my resemblance to themselves or to any member of their families. I suppose

neither wishes to take the responsibility or, perhaps, the guilt for this freakish offspring in their midst. In truth, I cannot blame them for this attitude, for I fear that I am the black sheep or, better still, the lone, ugly duckling ornamenting our family tree. My three brothers are exceptionally good-looking young men,

and my sister is one of the prettiest blondes I have ever seen. But I, the youngest son, can lay no claims to any masculine beauty. Indeed, my grandfather often remarked laughingly, "Well, sonny, I guess when God came to makin' you, he just gathered up the odds and ends of the others, mixed 'em all together and got you for the answer!" Alas! it seems as if this statement was founded on truth, for I have black hair with one streak of white over the left temple. I have one green eye and one blue one. This, perhaps, accounts for the fact that when in my fifth year, I found a cat with a similar optical peculiarity, we, in our mutual misery, became boon companions. In addition to these trifling, personal characteristics, I must admit that my nose is perfectly straight except where it's crooked. I know that sounds somewhat ambiguous, but what I mean is this—it is straight until the very tip, where it takes a decided twist to the right. As for my mouth, due to some whim of the fates, it has a sardonic rise in its left corner, thus lending to my countenance a cynicism which I assure you is entirely lacking in my disposition. Here, having stated my personal appearance, you may be able to understand why my sympathetic and tactful schoolmates called me, "All-of-a-Twist."

Now in the main, I emphatically disapprove of a description of the author preceding a story. For instance, contemplate the disappointment involved upon the discovery that the author, or perpetrator, of your favorite shiek novel is a meek, ugly little man, possessed by a masterful wife and seven masterful children, or that the writer of the "Elsie Dinsmore" books is a big husky brute, who looks more like a coal heaver than a wielder of the pen. But in this instance, despite the fact that it is considered bad

taste to talk always of one's self, I ask your toleration, in view of the fact that I am not only the author but am also the hero of this narrative.

Now mind, until my nineteenth year I paid not the slightest attention to my personal appearance. I accepted with the utmost philosophical resignation the looks, or lack of looks, which the good Lord had seen fit to bestow upon me. I received with good-natured equanimity the chaff and nicknames of my felows. But all *that* was before I met Doris May! Ah! Doris May!

It is beyond my poor powers to describe her to you. Poets have raved about maidens with blue eyes, maidens with golden tresses, maidens with dimpled arms, maidens with forms divine, but none, in all their beauteous phrases, has described such a girl as Doris May. Sufficient it is to say that she was the embodiment of all charms! Is it any wonder that the first time I saw her, I fell desperately in love with her?

On the instant, even though she giggled when we were introduced, I forgot my ludicrous appearance. Like the knights of old, I was filled with a vast determination to do and to dare all, for the sake of my lady love. It became my set resolve to be to her a combination of Sir Lancelot and Sir Galahad.

She, too, seemed smitten with a fatal attraction for me. I first felt sure of this fact when she took a sympathetic interest and ready amusement, as she sat and watched me talk, in a joke I had already told her five times. Surely, only the most unfailing love could endure such anguish. With deep regret I confess that many of the deeds of daring which I narrated to her, and of which I was the hero, were wholly imaginary.

However, the time was not slow in coming when I might give actual proof of

my soul-inspiring devotion and ardent adoration. When, at last, opportunity presented itself, I lost no time in taking advantage of it.

It was a hot, sultry day. I remember this fact with surprising clearness, because I recall having some difficulty in compelling my collar to remain upright, despite the sweltering heat. We were all gathered on the wharf, in a vain hope of receiving a vagrant breeze from the deceptively cool-appearing waters. When at last we decided to return home, evening was well on its way, and the tide had receded until there was only about a foot of water beneath the wharf. Just at the point of turning back, I heard a cry of distress from the lady of my heart. "Oh! oh! I've dropped my pretty hanky over the edge!" she wailed.

At last! here was my chance! With one languishing glance at her distressed countenance, I dove headlong off the wharf! Phew! I didn't know there was so much mud in the whole world! Ruined were my natty white trousers, my snowy-white shirt, my shining patent leathers.

But to a knight in the service of his loved one, what are such trifles? Gallantly, and with a courtly bow, I kissed the dainty scrap of lace before presenting it to my heart's desire.

What was my amazement when she burst into a gleeful chuckle as I performed this act of chivalry! Could she be laughing at me? However, I was wholly reassured when she said, still smiling, "I was just thinking of how jealous the other girls will be when they hear that you did this for poor little me!" And then the thoughtful child offered me the handkerchief to wipe the mud off my face.

That night I proposed to her and, after she had accepted me, I said, "Dearest, was it my manly beauty or my daring deeds which made you accept me?"

Then she cooed in her softest, most delightful voice, "Neither of those, dear boy! I knew none of the other girls would have you because you're so funny-looking; so, I just had to take you myself!" The soft voice ceased.

A knight? Oh, blah! Gallantry? Oh, blah! Chivalry? Oh, blah!

GRACE POTTER, '25.

A Little Bit of Nothing

My dear Friend:

It is my honest opinion that when one sits down to write a composition, he must have something about which to write; and it is my honest opinion, too, that when one is in a position where he must write a composition and has nothing to write about, he should, in all fairness to his prevailing form of mind, write about nothing and nothing else but. So it is with me. I must write, but I find that I have nothing to write about; so like a good Chinese citizen I shall zealously endeavor to accomplish the unaccomplishable, namely a composition on nothing.

In all probability, there are more people in the world who find that they have more time in which to do nothing than anything else. Most of them do it, and easily, too, for what takes less exertion to accomplish than nothing? Nothing. And now that I approach the "Finis" of the composition, I am fairly convinced that when I pass it in I shall receive nothing; but when I receive it, I can, with pardonable pride, place it among the few things which I have really deserved in this world.

BERNARD P. CRONAN, '25.

Mistaken Identity

"I'VE taken part in a good many Chinese raids," said Sergt. Pierce to me the other night at the club, "but I had the misfortune to miss the most interesting of them all."

"Tell me about it," I asked, interested at once, for Sergt. Pierce had been through some pretty exciting times, and any he complained about missing, must have been good.

"It isn't especially the excitement of it that appeals to me," answered Pierce, lighting a cigarette. "It's the way Fate seemed to be working with the government men. When you think—but I'm getting ahead of my story.

"One night last fall, Billy Hudson was tipped off over the telephone that an opium den was going big down in Chinatown. Billy took the tip and went right to the chief, asking for ten men to go down with him and clean up the place.

"He got his men, and late the next night he went down. The local police had been told nothing about the proposed raid, but Hudson's men were there ahead of him. They had come singly, and had avoided being seen. At a signal from Billy, they began beating down doors and crashing through windows.

"The Chinks were surprised, but they put up a stiff fight. They used their knives pretty effectively, too. There were so many of them that Billy soon saw that he had a fight on his hands.

"After a while the Chinamen got the federal men into corners and, with two or three Chinks to a white man, it looked as if the fight was about over."

Here the sergeant paused and smoked thoughtfully for a few minutes. Then he continued.

"But there's where Fate played her hand. A bunch of police came in and the fight began over again. But it didn't last long. The Chinamen were soon taken care of."

"But the police?" I asked puzzled.

Pierce smiled. "Didn't I say Fate was working with the raiders?" he said. "Just after the fight started, a Chinamen called up the police and said that a gang of rival Tong-men, dressed as Americans, had started a fight. The police came, saw the mistake—and ended the quarrel.

"Now," said the sergeant, with a twinkle in his eyes, "the moral is: Don't let anyone ever tell you that Luck is found only in the dictionary."

And I haven't.

JOSEPH MOORE, '26.

Mischievous Rudy

Little Rudy, full of fun,
Kept the neighbors on the run.
He put kittens in the pail,
Tied a can to Fido's tail.

He drank hard cider, so they say,
Made a fire of the deacon's hay;
He put a cow in the old church steeple
And roused the wrath of all the people.

Very fond of throwing stones,
Almost broke the parson's bones.
Stole the widow's home-made pies
And saved himself by telling lies.

Little Rudy older grew,
Kept his boyish habits too.
Now he's gazing at the stars
Through the old State's Prison bars.

PETER CLEM, '27

The Troubles of Dan Fields

DAN was seventeen. His was the difficult task of providing suitable amusement for his lady friend. Many times he wondered if she was worth his trouble and hard work. She was very popular at school. Whenever a new pupil saw her and asked about her, the old students would say, "Oh she's Dan Fields's girl." Those were the minutes when Dan was proud. But Christmas was near and it meant a present. Dan wondered where he would get his money. "I guess I'll ask Dad—he's a good scout."

That evening after supper was over and Dad was alone, Dan approached his father. "Well, Dad, how are things?" Dad looked up in surprise and smiled. It was a queer smile and could mean many things. At last Dan got bold and said, "Marge is having a Christmas party and I'm invited and—"

"Well, what of it? You can go, can't you?"

"Yes, but I haven't the money to buy her a present, and I wanted to borrow it from you," said Dan.

Dad thought it over and said, "I'll tell you, son, she's your girl and you ought to buy her present; you would feel more independent. Now, I will lend you the money under these conditions. First, you must pay it back in four days."

"Yes, I'll pay it back," said Dan. "Four days is plenty. I get paid Saturday."

"Wait," said Dad. "If it is not paid back, I'll take the present and your invitation and go in your place."

"But, Dad, she's not your girl," replied Dan. "Besides, you wouldn't fit in at this kind of a party—you're a middle-aged man, now."

"Those are the conditions, Dan," said Dad, sternly. "You don't know how to appreciate money. When I was your age—"

Bang! went the door, as Dan rushed out clutching the five dollars. The money was duly spent and the big job now was to pay it back. When Dan got to the store, the man informed him his position was filled by a faster and more efficient man. Cold sweat came out on Dan's forehead.

"Here is your pay up to date," said his boss as he gave him two dollars.

"Three more dollars to go. How will I get it?" thought Dan. "I guess I'll put my pride in my pocket—that's the only way. I hope the fellows don't see me."

He sold papers, ran errands, shoveled paths, made Christmas wreaths, sold the old papers in the cellar; but fortune seemed against him—he made two dollars in all. The idea of Marge and his father made Dan furious. How embarrassing it would be for Marge! He would be the laughing-stock of the town, and Marge would be angry. "Gosh! what's life worth living for now," he thought. The fourth day he did not eat, all he could think of was Dad, Marge, and the party. At dinner his mother got worried; at supper she was so scared she phoned for a doctor. Dad only smiled. "Hum, this will be a lesson," he thought.

The doctor entered—it was Doc. Burns, the family physician. He was ushered into Dan's room. "May I make one request? May the doctor see me alone, Mother?"

His mother went out.

"I'm not sick," said Dan.

"Stick out your wrist until I feel your pulse," said the doctor.

"Gosh! I tell you I'm not sick. Listen to me, will you, doctor."

"Well, go ahead. I guess I can spare a few minutes," said Dr. Burns.

Dan told him the conditions of the case and all about Marge and the party.

"Well, I guess I can lend you a dollar," said the doctor. The doctor left the room, smiled assuringly at Dan's mother and said that he was all right now. Dan, in the next room, clutched the life-saving dollar. "By gosh! he's the best doctor in the world. When I get mar-

ried, he'll have all my trade," said Dan. "Now to give the dollar to Dad. If he ever knew how I got it, I'd get killed."

"Come in," said Dad, as Dan stood in the door.

"Well, oh—er—here is your other dollar," said Dan. Dad took the money.

"Humph! Where did you get it?" asked Dad.

"I worked for it," Dan said, and he hadn't told a lie. Dan's motto after that was "Don't give up the ship." Needless to say, the party was a success.

CHARLES CLEMENTS, '26.

Cross-Word Puzzles

Dad, Ma, and Grandpa,

Junior and Sis,

Are puzzling their heads over

Something like this:

"What word of three letters

Means 'anger' tonight?"

"A word of five letters

Which means 'without sight'?"

To find the answer

Is the thing to do now,

But that's the question—

To find it, how?

Why, look in the dictionary

Or the grammar books

To find the word

And see how it looks.

"I've got it!" cried Junior.

"It means to be blind."

"Why, that one was easy,

Mighty easy to find;

But about that other,

I simply don't know.

Gosh! Look at the time!

Bed's where I go."

ALDEN NOBLE, '25.

A Personal Essay

"A personal essay reveals the character of the author."

I SAT on the ridge of the second bump of the moon's nose, dangling my feet in the vacuum and looking about for excitement.

Who am I? When I read a story written in the first person, I always have an overwhelming desire to find out all about "I." Often one doesn't. I remember distinctly the first "I" story I read—that is, consciously read. It was "The Man Without a Country." In

that there was a short biography concerning the "I" of the story. Since that time, I have had the aforesaid desire. Now, through these various digressions, I reach the point where I assume that you, also, may have had that desire. Therefore, I shall make you acquainted with "I."

I am you. I am that part of you which thrills when you see a very small and frail peach petal flutter down from the tenderly-green tree. I am that part of you which feels that queer, cold, nice sensation around your soul when Greig is played. I am that part of you which takes gay romps out into the universe of day dreams just when you are falling asleep. I am that part of you which dares imagine, and not say "Bosh! Impossible!"

You recognize me? Of course. Hundreds of other times you have known me, met me. When the hurdy-gurdy plays on a warm Spring day, and a moist, cottony wind makes you breathe deep, deep, and you feel deliciously discontented—then you know me. My name? I have hundreds—and none. Call me what you will.

But my autobiography waxes too long. Where was I? Oh! on the ridge of the second bump of the moon's nose.

I saw Orion and Venus carrying on their affair with their usual tentativeness. Some day I shall give that affair a push, and hurry it to a close. It has gone on since Creation, and still has only reached the shy-glances-from-a-distance stage. However—, there was interest from that quarter.

My legs were tired from hanging in the vacuum. I rested them nonchalantly against the moon's nostrils, and that gentleman immediately sneezed a Brobdignagian sneeze! Venus looked over her milk-white shoulder with indignant

reproach, but Orion was blissfully oblivious. When the moon sneezed, myriads of little wrinkles formed about his cheery eyes. And you should have seen the excitement that reigned down on the Earth! Astronomers flew about in a fever of excitement. "New canals visible on the face of the moon." "Is the moon inhabited?" et cetera, ad infinitum, in newspapers and intellectual circles. I looked the moon in the eye, and he winked. "How silly those Earthites are!" we both thought aloud, and then laughed together. We were so much above them, we could afford to. And again excitement reigned on Earth. "Partial eclipse of moon!" was the cry. And all the time it was only the black cavern of the moon's mouth as he laughed that they saw, and not the sun's shadow!

Seeing how gullible they were, I picked a piece from a passing comet and dropped it down on them to see what would happen. "New meteorite"—"Strange results from analysis," "Unexplained lunar disturbances"! It was really quite disgusting to see how childish, and easily flustered they were.

They had found excitement; not so I. But soon their interest died away, also; no international marriages had taken place; no motion-picture actresses had committed murder; the football season was over; cross-word puzzles were on the wane; there was not a solitary thing for me to look down on and watch with any degree of interest.

So I sat a while longer on my lofty perch, hunting all through the cubby-holes and nooks of my mind for new ideas to keep myself interested. None I found. Only when the world in general is a-tiptoe with thrills, as in the Spring, can I really enjoy myself, for then I am kept busy.

I decided to wait until the first real snow, and then have an orgy of good times. I could then watch prosaic business men come out of their suburban homes, who, on seeing the fairy-wool that had transformed their familiar and commonplace surroundings, over night, into crystallized dreams, would straighten their shoulders, breathe deeply, squint their eyes a bit and purse their lips, and think unknowingly of me. I could watch a young mother take her small son out into the fairyland, could see the child's serious wonder and realize his thoughts were all for me. I could watch a large and perfect snowflake smile on the poorly clad arm of a street-vendor, could see the pleased interest with which he watched it rest there, slowly melting, fading from sight until only a large pearl of water remained to trickle unevenly over the rough cloth. All these things I could watch, and more. Dark tracery

of branches against a sunset, purple shadows, golden sunlight, silver snow-firs frosty with perfumed breath, holding piquant posies to snuggle against the wearer's chin—the grandeur of Christmas midnight—these things, too, would I experience and see.

So I hied me off to rest. A snowflake would tickle my nose and wake me when the time came. At the foot of the rainbow, next to the Pot of Gold, I lay down, and covered me with the woof of dreams and a soft, fleecy cloud from a May sky. So I went to sleep. When you hunt for the Pot of Gold, and find it, you will find me, and so find out my name. But if you do not, if you say "Bosh. Impossible!" maybe you will see me when the first snow comes. If not then, in the Spring, maybe. But sometime I hope you will meet me, for I am more precious than the Pot of Gold, and much, much easier to find.

MYRTHA LINDBERG, '25.

Jeremy Jones

THE autumn dusk had deepened into twilight. The old, bent form of Jeremy Jones was outlined against the window. His quivering body was rent with heart-breaking sobs. This year he would have no Martha to march with him in the Grand March at the Fireman's Ball. This year would be but an echo of the previous years when he and his wife had led the march down the long, spacious hall. Martha, dressed in that pretty rose taffeta that had made her sweet, round face, framed with hair of purest white, remind one of a cameo. And that black-lace shawl he had bought her for a Christmas present had made her look like a queen.

How well he remembered the last Ball! Immediately after the hastily-

prepared supper which Martha had served, he had shaved and donned his fireman's uniform—the one with the shiny, brass buttons, which he used on occasions like this. And Martha had dug out of the bureau the medal that he had been awarded for the heroism he had shown at the "Mason Block" fire. How proudly she had pinned it on his breast! She had kissed him after that and said, "Jerry, boy, how proud I am of you! Why, you look just as young and dapper as on the day when you came down to take me to the Bricklayers' Ball instead of reporting for drill. It was before we were married and I was so proud of you! Remember, you wore a high silk hat and a tuxedo!"

And then Martha had gone in to dress.

When she came out again in that heavenly rose taffeta, Jeremy's voice had gone husky and he said in a voice half choked, "Why—why, Martha!"

And so they had gone to the Ball. At eight-thirty, punctually, the Grand March had begun. Jeremy and Martha were at the head of it, in view of the fact that Jeremy was the oldest member on the firemen's squad.

Rum-tum-te-tum-tum! Rum-tum-te-tum-tum! He remembered so well how the music had set them all a-tingle. Twice round the room in couples, then singles, then couples again. How the onlookers had applauded!

But now—!

Suddenly Jeremy straightened up. He didn't care. He would go to the Ball, anyway. And though Martha might not be with him in person, at least she would march with him in spirit.

The next night was the night of the Ball. Slowly he put on the uniform with the brass buttons which were no longer as shiny as when Martha was alive.

At eight-thirty, punctually, the Grand March began. Jeremy Jones led the march again this year, but this time he marched alone. Twice round the hall—! How the audience applauded!

* * *

The next morning, Jeremy did not come out into his yard. Toward noon, a few of his neighbors came down to see him. They knocked at the door. No answer. They went in. On the couch Jeremy lay with the pallor of death stamped on his features, but a joyful smile on his lips.

* * *

Strange how the townspeople felt no grief at Jeremy's death! He had served God and his people well; it was his due to be allowed to join Martha in the Great Beyond, where they might march together again—he in the uniform with the shiny, brass buttons and she in that heavenly rose taffeta—and the queenly black-lace shawl!

EVA N. KNEZNEK, '25.

The Radio

AFTER arguing for and against, the Burke family had at last decided to get a radio.

"Now when we get it, where will we put it?" said Mrs. Burke. "I think in the living room, for when we have company we can all stay in there."

"How can I read the paper if that thing is howling some jazz music or a bedtime story? Why not have it put in the kitchen? It will always be nice and warm there, and we all can go and listen to it," said Mr. Burke.

Jack, the eldest son, said, "Why not have it up in my room? Then I can

listen in the evening without disturbing anyone. I can have the fellows up too."

"No, we don't want it there," cried the twins. "How can we listen to the bedtime stories if he has it in his room? We think it would be nice in the dining-room. Then we could have music or anything we wanted while we ate."

"That's a foolish place to put it. We won't be able to play the victrola then unless we move it into the living room," said Bab, a senior in high school. "Gosh! I don't see why you want one anyway. I suppose I won't be able to

have any parties then, with the family sitting listening to the radio every night. Gosh! It makes me tired!"

"Oh Bab, don't worry about that," replied her mother. "We can always put the family out." Continuing, "I guess we had better draw names to decide where it will be. Father, where do you want it?"

"Well, it doesn't make much difference to me as long as it isn't in this room. I guess I'll say I want it in the kitchen and let it go at that."

"Jack, you want it in your bedroom. The twins want it in the dining-room. Bab, where do you want it?"

"I suppose this room would be all right, if we are going to have it."

"I want it in this room," continued Mrs. Burke.

"All right,—Father the kitchen, Jack his bedroom, Mary and Jane the dining-room, and I choose the living room. Mary, will you please draw the name? What is it dear?"

"Now I suppose I won't have any peace between that and the victrola," said Mr. Burke.

"Don't worry, father," Jack said. "When you hear that radio, you will be so delighted you won't come away from it."

"The man said it would surely be here to-morrow, Jack. I suppose you can come home and set it up?"

"Sure, I'll come."

The Burke family have had their radio three weeks now. Nothing serious has happened yet, although the twins and Jack have almost come to blows.

"For heaven's sakes can't you stop that radio about five minutes and let me have peace to read the paper? All I hear at the office is radio and cross-word puzzles and it is nearly driving me mad."

With these words Mr. Burke walked out of the living room and slammed the door after him.

"Now, children, I do think you could stop it while father reads the paper," said Mrs. Burke.

"Don't make so much noise," cried the twins. "How can we understand what the man is saying if you are going to talk, too?"

About a half an hour later a loud noise was heard in the living room. "Goodness, what can that be?" said Mrs. Burke to her husband who was in the kitchen. "It sounds as if some one were getting killed. Will you please go in and see?"

"Mother, mother, come quick. They are killing me." Jack's voice was heard in the living room.

Oh, what a sight! There was Jack lying on the floor, his nose bleeding, his hair all tossed up, and the twins and Bab sitting on top of him.

"Whatever is the matter?" cried Mrs. Burke.

"Bab, you tell her."

"Well," said Bab, "Mary and Jane and I were listening to the radio when Jack came running down stairs. He came right over and turned off the station we had, saying, 'That's no good. Let's get a hockey game.' Then we didn't want that and he wouldn't let us get the station we had, so we just pounced on him."

"Dear me, I think the only thing we can do is to get rid of the thing. When a matter goes so far that it comes to blows, something ought to be done about it. No, children, don't tease me, for we get rid of it to-morrow. We must have peace again in the house."

ALICE RILEY, '25.



Columbus of 1924

ONE day Johnny thought he'd play Columbus. He got a new wash-tub. He went down to the pond. A piece of charcoal served as a pencil. With it he wrote "Santa Maria" on the tub. He got into the tub and sailed away. He didn't have any sail, so he used a pole. Everything went well until Johnny's mother saw him. She hollered, "Johnny come back with my washtub." Columbus could not sit down without pain that night.

FRANCIS JOHNSTON, 8B.

Alias

IT was Christmas Eve. George Drew sat before the cheery fire in his comfortable study, wrapping into gay parcels the gifts he had carefully selected for his nieces and nephew. That they would be showered with beautiful gifts, he knew, and he wondered if he could not think of some novel way of presenting his.

Suddenly he jumped up and went to the spare closet in the hall. There still hung the old Santa Claus costume he had worn at a Christmas party long ago.

It was just the night for a lark; outside the large, white snowflakes fell on the already covered ground.

Hurriedly he donned the bright suit, and great boots, that would serve well for rubbers. Throwing the gifts into a valise, he put on the great coat that completely concealed his odd raiment. The fur-trimmed cap he tucked in a pocket, and planned, as he started down the steps for the car he would just about catch, that on reaching his brother's home across the city, he would leave his overcoat on the veranda, don the fur trimmed cap, take his bag of gifts, and in full Christmas regalia, make an unsuspected entry through the French windows.

Meanwhile, in a dingy room, three faces were pressed against a window-pane, while three pairs of anxious eyes looked to the street.

One, the youngest, for the fifth time asked, "Do you really think that Santa will come?"

His older sister, five, said, "Why, he didn't last year, but our door is right on the street now, so he ought to see us."

Another said, "He won't forget us I'm sure."

But now a clumsy, hurrying figure came into view. George Drew had missed his car and, rather than wait for another, had decided to walk across town by the shortest route. Past rows of dingy houses that showed no sign of cheer he strode, and suddenly thinking

of the children's early bed hour and the possibility of his delay making his arrival too late, he stopped and opening his overcoat he reached for his watch; as he did so the Santa Claus costume was revealed.

Inside a house three faces grew bright as in a chorus the children said, "There is Santa Claus!"

They all rushed out to the man who stood there on the sidewalk. They talked excitedly, but from time to time he heard the name, "Santa Claus."

He noticed the rather ragged clothes on the children, and he thought again of his well-dressed nieces and nephew and of the gifts they would receive. "Santa Claus" quickly drew the gifts from the valise and took his overcoat off. Led by the children, he entered the house.

So George Drew brought happiness in the form of Santa Claus to three ragged, wistful, children.

LILLIAN BEAULIEU, 8B.

The Summer Rain

I

Oh, the rain! the beautiful rain!
Cheerily and merrily falls,
Beating its wings against the pane
And trickling down the walls.

II

Oh, the rains! the cheering rains!
Softly and kindly they fall
On the tiny flowers and thirsty plains
And vines by the cottage wall.

DOROTHY WHITE, 8A

L'hiver Francais

The snowflakes fall with glad "bon
jour,"

The Autumn leaves say "au revoir,"
The wind it never says "pardon"

As away it sweeps across the lawn.

BARBARA DEAN, 8B.

An Apparition

THE curtain went up and I stood aghast at the sight that met my eyes. As I looked into the house I beheld a long, lanky skeleton dangling in the air. The only life-like feature about him was his eyes. They were green and bulged out until it fairly seemed as if they were about to drop from his head. Not a rope nor a thing held him up or, if there was, it was invisible, or, again, I might not have stayed long enough to take notice of such a trifle, for I turned and ran as fast as my legs would carry me back to civilization.

DORIS DEXTER, 8B.

Thanksgiving

'Twas the day 'fore Thanksgiving and all
through the house
Rose flavors delicious of stuffing and
grouse.
The fruit cake was ready, the pies were
all baked,
But the turkey still gobbled not knowing
his fate.
When out in the yard there arose such a
clatter,
We sprang to the window to see what
was the matter.
The turkey who strutted so proudly be-
fore
Had been hung by the farmer just inside
the door.

FRANCES MOLONEY, 8F.

"Benny"

Murray, Murray, small but good;
First among the ranks he stood.
He's the one that taught them ball—
Give us "Benny," or none at all.

BARBARA DEAN, 8B.

Winter

Now winter days are here at last,
December's nearly o'er.
We'll soon be skating very fast,
The ponds we will explore.

We'll dive through drifts of ice and snow
And shovel paths so deep;
While the thermometer is low
We'll slide down hills so steep.

For winter is the best you know,
With all it sports so fine.
It keeps our hearts and cheeks aglow,
And us in a happy mind.

So come along, you girls and boys;
Bring out your skates and skis.
Hurrah for all the winter joys,
With snow up to our knees!

THOMAS LAILEY, 8F.

The Autumn Moon

AS I looked out of the window one frosty evening, I beheld the full moon in all its glory. Majestic pine trees served as a frame to this lovely picture. A cloud floated peacefully beneath it, outlined in silver. The sky was blue-grey in color. The lacy cloud was the gate, while Mr. Moon seemed to beckon one into his fairy realm.

BETTY BLAIR, 8B.

A Window Picture

THE curtain went up and the window was made into a frame. If it were a picture like the kind we see in a store it might have for a title "How an Evening is Spent by Grandparents." But this was a scene from real life. The room was a low living room. In the center was a table with a lamp on it. On one side of the table sat grandma. Her head was nodding while she sat knitting. A lock

of gray hair peeked out from under her cap. On the other side of the table sat grandpa. He was fast asleep already, and snoring loudly. His glasses were on the tip of his nose just ready to fall. On his lap was the newspaper. On the hearth a kitten was purring. Grandma looked up, saw that the curtain was up and quickly pulled it down again.

MARGARET KENEFICK, 8B.

The Night Before Christmas

"'Twas the night before Christmas,
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse."

I remembered this rhyme
As I lay half asleep,
While the house was so quiet
And the darkness so deep.
And I thought of Old Santa,
And of his big pack
Which parents dear tell us
He brings on his back,
And leaves gifts for good children,
Who their duties don't shirk,
But help mothers and daddies,
With some of the work.
And I thought and I thought
As I lay in bed:
No presents for me
And it filled me with dread;
So I've made up my mind
All my duties to do,
And I know then my presents
Will (I) not be a few.

ROBERT HAUCK, 8F.

Rivals

Rivals, rivals everywhere
And there's ne'er a one to spare;
Take them short or take them tall,
Norwood, Norwood, beats them all.
BARBARA DEAN, 8B.

The Robin

Outside the pane I see a bird—

It is the robin red.

"Do please let me take you in
And give you crumbs of bread.

"It is so cold and drear out there,
There is such deep, deep snow,
You cannot find a bite to eat
And don't know where to go.

"Robin, when all your friends return
And again there is mild spring air,
You then may fly into the woods
And sing your bright song there."
MARGURITE BUTTERS, 8A.

A Winter Evening

The new fallen snow is very white,
The stars above are shining bright,
The trees are covered with glistening
snow,
The whispering wind is mysteriously
low.

As we are walking briskly along,
We feel like dancing as to a gay song.
Peaceful and quiet it is all around,
We listen to hear the echoes resound.
BERTHA CUSHING, 8A.

Did You Ever

Did you ever hate to study
And find you had to just the same?
Did you think that everybody
In the family was to blame?

Did you ever hook from school,
Get marked absent and sign your card?
Did you ever break a rule
To find the whipping rod was hard?

Did you ever go a-fishing
When you were told twice not to go?
Did you hear the neighbors wishing
That you broke an arm or so?

If you ever do all of these things—
All? Yes, every one—
You'll grow up as happy as a king
When you remember all the fun.
JOSEPHINE FEENEY, 8F.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

El Nuevo Año

El nuevo año está aquí. Nos gustan mucho el invierno porque nosotros podemos hacer nuevas resoluciones que mejorarán nuestro trabajo en la escuela.

La clase de español debe hacer algunos nuevos resoluciones por este año. Una resolución mas importante en este clase es, que nosotros tenemos que hacer nuestros lecciones. Cuando algunos estudiantes van a la clase con sus lecciones preparadas bien, ellos se dentienen en una clase donde media de la clase no saben las lecciones. Si todos los estudiantes

estudiarán sus lecciones bien, la maestra no tendría que reñir y el sujeto senfa mas interesante.

Haremos una nueva resolución que nosotros haremos nuestros lecciones este año.

OLGA M. ZURBA, '26.

La Espana

Espana es un país antiguo. Madrid, el capital, está situada en la parte central de Espana. Es una ciudad grande y importante.

Los parques de Madrid son muy

hermosos. Otras ciudades importantes son Sevilla y Barcelona que son también ciudades muy hermosas.

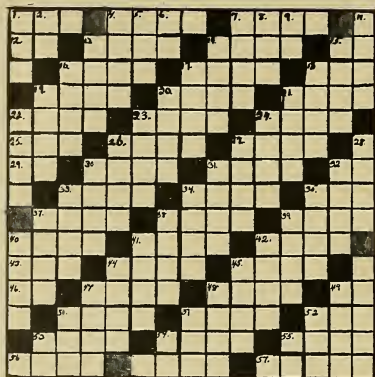
Las mujeres españolas se visten de colores hermosos y vivos. Los hombres son grandes y fuertes.

El juego más importante de España es el combate de torros. Los aldeanos vienen desde lejos para ver estos combates.

H. WOHLSCHLAGEL, '26.

Cross-Word Puzzle

For the correct or most nearly perfect solution of the following cross-word puzzle, a two-pound box of French bonbons will be awarded:



VERTICALE

1. Participe passé du verbe émouvoir.
2. Pronom réfléchi.
3. Contraire d' après.
4. Pas rapide.
5. Colère.
6. Un conjonction.
7. Oiseau qui est le symbole de la vanité.
8. Une sorte d'arbre (plu.).
9. Un article défini.
10. Le coloris du visage.
11. Une saison (plu.).
14. Le poil d'un cheval.
16. Un être féérique (plu.).
17. Epais.
18. Arrivé.
19. Contraire de faux.
20. Décoloré.
21. Forme du verbe geler.
22. Plaisir.
23. Avec vitesse.
24. Lieu souterrain.
26. Expression du visage.
27. Dans la direction de.
28. Un homme âgé.
30. Certaine.
31. Nulle chose.
32. Vu de nouveau.
33. Adresse (plu.).
34. Participe passé du verbe prendre.
35. Visage.
37. Une arme.
38. Uni.
39. Prénom d'un auteur français.
41. Un éclat de voix (plu.).
42. Grossier.
44. Commun.
45. Petite hutte.
47. Rendu sale.
48. Un étang.
49. Forme du verbe tirer.
50. Pas beaucoup.
51. Costume bizarre (anglais).
52. Forme du verbe aller.
53. Adjectif démonstratif.
54. Pronom démonstratif.
55. Article défini.

**Boston Trade School at Norwood**

Trade School had a heavy line-up and not only was undefeated but as yet its goal line had not been crossed. Norwood, however, even without the services of Mattson and Bunney, proved too much for the Boston boys. Norwood scored early in the first half and managed to hold their lead until the last period, when Trade scored a touchdown on a

forward pass but failed to get the extra point. Dixon and Fireman played best. Score: Trade School 6, Norwood 7.

Milton High School at Norwood

Milton had a very heavy team and the field had a very generous coating of mud. It proved to be a close battle, as neither team could gain much ground. After Norwood had struggled to Milton's

thirty-five yard line, Dixon managed to kick a field goal. The second half proved to be the same as the first, neither team gaining because of field conditions. Dixon's field goal proved to be the only score of the game. Score: Milton 0, Norwood 3.

Worcester Trade School at Norwood

The Worcester team, with the exception of one or two big boys, matched us evenly in weight. Norwood, by line plunging and off-tackle plays, scored early in the opening period. Norwood kicked to Worcester and they received on their own fifteen-yard line and decided to kick. The kick was blocked by Jim Pendergast and recovered by Hastings, who made the second touchdown. Dixon kicked the point, ending the first half. Norwood scored another touchdown in the fourth period. Final score: Norwood 20, Worcester 0.

Weymouth High School at Norwood

TO A PLAYER

A gray ghost thrown into the game
That rival hands may never touch;
A rubber-bounding, blasting soul
Whose destination is the goal—
Jack Dorey of Weymouth High.

Weymouth presented a strong team, having beaten the powerful Milton eleven but a week before. In Dorey they possessed a wonderful back. Dorey broke loose twice and finished both long runs with touchdowns. Norwood offered a stronger offence in the last half and managed to score. Dixon kicked the point. Weymouth also scored in the last period. Dorey and Kelley starred for Weymouth while Spierdowis and Dixon did their best for Norwood. Score: Norwood 7, Weymouth 21.

Girls' Basket Ball

On December 8, the candidates for the girls' basket ball team were called out. About fifty girls appeared. Miss Kiley told them that this year they were planning to have class games so that there would be a chance for every girl to try for her class team, even if she were unable to get on the varsity squad. It was planned that those who had played basket ball before should meet with Miss Kiley and that the novices should practice with Miss Follett.

The Norwood girls won their first game, played with the Everett team on January 13 at Everett, by a score of 19 to 11.

Basket Ball

On December 15, Coach Murray called for basket ball candidates. The first day, approximately fifty reported in suits. Of this number there were but five who had had much previous experience.

In the Spring of 1924, five first-string men were lost by graduation. The first day's practice consisted of a lively scrimmage, followed by a few setting-up exercises and a shower. There will be ten or twelve boys carried on the first squad, and the rest will make up the class teams. The team this year should be fast and clever, and if you wish further proof, just step into Everett Hall some afternoon and watch them go.

Scoharrie, N. Y. at Norwood, January 2

This game provided many thrills from start to finish. It was an evenly contested game with both teams fighting for a lead. At the end of the last period the game proved to be a tie, 33-33. It was decided to play a five-minute overtime period and Norwood succeeded in scoring

three baskets and a foul to Seoharrie's one basket, making the final score 40-35 in favor of Norwood. Molloy, Flaherty and Geary played well for Norwood.

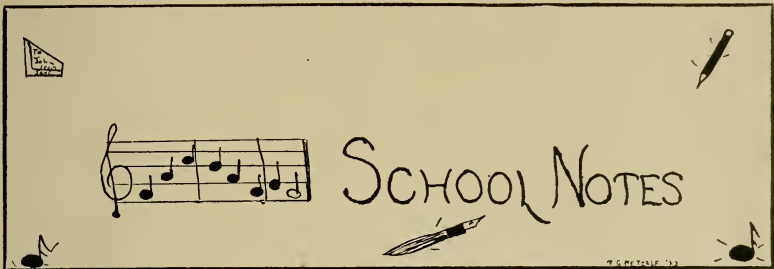
Everett H. S. at Norwood, January 9

The Everett five proved to be a strong combination and succeeded in taking the game by a two-point margin. The game was both fast and clever throughout. Connery played best for Everett, while Geary, Flaherty and Dixon played best

for Norwood. Final score: Norwood 18, Everett 20.

Natick H. S. at Norwood, January 12

Natick arrived at Norwood with a strong team and a large crowd of rooters. They were clever passers and good shots, and managed to gain a good lead in the first half. In the second half Norwood cut the lead to two points only to be beaten in the final minute of play by another basket. Score: Norwood 19, Natick 23.



At one of the November Assemblies Mr. White, a representative of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad and a member of the Massachusetts Safety Commission, spoke to us on the protection of our own lives and those of the younger generation. He used many graphic illustrations in showing us how many accidents happen.

* * *

The day before Christmas we all enjoyed the annual Sophomore play which was coached by Mr. Burnham. We certainly want to thank them for the entertainment we received. Rev. Mr. Brown of the Episcopal Church gave the Christmas message, the High School Orchestra played, and the school chorus sang three carols. We had as our guests the Junior High School pupils.

At the Thanksgiving Assembly the program was as follows:

Reading of a story by Lincoln, G. O'Brien, '27; reading, "The Thanksgiving Proclamation," J. Moore, '26; reading, "Origin of Thanksgiving," G. Keith, '25.

The assembly sang two songs and the High School Orchestra played. It was all very successful.

* * *

On Wednesdays of every week the Glee Club holds its rehearsals. At present it is practising "In Springtime" by R. Becker.

The Quest Club

(Founded by the Class of 1925)

Christmas has come and gone, and the Questers' party is now only a memory. But for many of us it is one of the bright-

est memories of our school life. It gives us a pleased, satisfied feeling inside, on these cold mornings, to know that many little hands are warm because of us. And it gives us an even more satisfied feeling to know that, for the same reason, many little hearts are also warm.

The party was held on Tuesday afternoon, December 23, in Everett Hall. At 3.30 that afternoon eight automobiles, driven by Questers, left the High School to call for the children. As each machine drove up to the Civic, the children were welcomed by a reception committee which took them to the gymnasium where each little boy was adopted for the afternoon by one of his big brothers, and each little girl by a big sister.

After coats and hats had been doffed and gay paper caps donned, the children, each with his own special Quester, marched into Everett Hall. But today it wasn't just Everett Hall—it was Fairyland! A fifteen-foot Christmas tree, covered with tinsel, silver rain, candy bags, and twinkling lights, stood in the front of the hall. The tables beside it were not enough to hold the profusion of gifts which Santa Claus had sent ahead. So the floor beneath was piled high. Fifty-four little chairs formed a horseshoe before the tree, and fifty-four big chairs made a large horseshoe outside the smaller one.

When the children and their hosts were seated, the President of the Quest Club, James Pendergast, spoke a few words of welcome. Then the fun began, and games were played for an hour. The appearance of ice cream and cake, however, found the children quite ready to sit down quietly for a while and do justice to the refreshments. After the last crumbs had disappeared, all the lights were turned off except those on the tree, and Myrtha Lindeberg, sitting in the

center of the circle, told the story of Christmas. As the story ended, a shout and chuckle from the balcony sent little thrills of excitement and anticipation up and down one's spine. The lights came on, and, sure enough, Santa Claus himself had dropped through the roof and stood in the balcony. He swung out on a rope, which happened to be hanging from a beam, and down into the midst of the delighted children he came. Then, while each little tot waited in breathless suspense, Santa distributed the presents. A doll, all dressed—having even a nightie so it could be put to bed—found its way into the arms of each little girl. Each big little-boy received a football, and each little little-boy some other toy. Next came the mittens which seemed to delight the children quite as much as the toys. After that a book was given to each child. Then they gathered around the tree, and Santa gave them apples, candy bags, and candy canes. With their arms filled to overflowing, there was nothing to do but go home. So, assisted by their Questers, the little ones marched out, climbed into the machines, and were taken to their homes.

On the day before the party it was discovered that, owing to many unexpected donations, about twenty dollars would remain after expenses were paid. It was too late to invite more children to the party. But the Questers invested the money in more toys, candy and apples, and on Christmas Eve twenty-one families were visited by the Quest Club Santa Claus, and many little stockings which would have hung limp and empty Christmas morning, bulged with good things.

One hundred and seventeen dollars and forty-four cents was spent by the Questers. Of this, thirty-five dollars was earned by the sale of frankfurts and

candy at the football game. Forty-four dollars and forty cents was contributed by Questers. The contribution of twenty dollars by the faculty members of the Quest Club helped greatly to swell this part of the fund. Thirty-eight dollars and four cents was sent to us by kind friends who learned of our project and wished to aid it.

Many are the reports which we have heard since our party, but the ones that please us most are those like this one: "Next year the whole town will help, and we'll have a party for two hundred and fifty children instead of fifty." Per-

haps we were a bit selfish this year. We asked no one to help us. Those who did so contributed without being asked. But when we saw the wonder and delight on the faces of our little guests, we knew it didn't matter who did it—all that mattered was that it was done. And if another year the number of children is multiplied by five, and the number of benefactors is proportionately larger, we know that nowhere in the world will there be so happy a community as Norwood.

HELEN CORCORAN,
Corresponding Secretary for
"Arguenot."

Senior Notes

Blue and Silver—these are the Seniors' class colors. They remind one of a frosty winter's night with a deep, blue sky, silvery stars and shining snow. However, they do not merely make a pretty color combination; they *now* stand for the Senior Class. As our New Year's resolution, let's try to do our best for the Blue and Silver and make it proud of us.

The Senior Prom was held in Everett Hall, New Year's Eve. Swinging from the ceiling, the hoops hung with silver icicles made a new and pleasing feature in the decoration of the hall. At 11.30 a shower of brightly-colored paper strips came fluttering down from the balconies and were wound around the dancing couples underneath.

At 12.00 o'clock, the New Year was ushered in. With loud and discordant toots the Seniors came marching from the gym room into the hall. Each Senior was wearing a paper hat and blowing a shining new trumpet vigorously. The Seniors marched around in

a circle which grew smaller and smaller until everyone was crowded together. Then the president asked them from the stage some questions, which were all appropriately and truthfully answered by "The Class of Twenty-five." Then three cheers were given for the Class of Twenty-Five. Following this came the last dance and then the Senior Prom, along with the year of 1924, although crowded with many happy memories, became a thing of history.

The Senior play, which is given every year by the graduating class, comes a little sooner than usual this year. "The Judsons Entertain" is the name of the play and those who have parts are: Elizabeth Moloney, Alice Pratt, Eva Kneznek, Sylvia Endreson, Mary Crowley, Margaret Caverley, Robert Waldheim, Bernard Cronan, Michael Spierdowis, Lea Towne and Howard Hansen.

A Teacher's Experience:

"Have you any records by Chaliapin?"

Clerk: "Charlie who?"

What the Seniors Have Learned in English This Term

Tympano's Thoughts While Getting Settled in The Saturday Night Bath were concerning the Dictatorship of an Acrobatic Mind.

The Monotony of Our Minds on The Passing of Friendship, The Felt Location of the I, results in Asylums for the Hopelessly Sane.

Born Out of Time, Endicott and I Conduct an Orchestra in Defense of Whistling.



"TANK" does what everyone at some time has threatened to do — drops English!

While Asking for a Raise, A Problem in Favoritism adds to The Flavor of Things.

The Daily Theme Eye harangues about The Lost Art of Going to Church.

Fools Returning to the First Heritage show The Wisdom of Foolishness.

The Left-over Expressions on Countenances, on Noses, are as Little Things on Fishes Faces.

The Lier in Bed on the Friendly Pillow, Wagglng to Sleep and into The Grace of Obscurity for the Night finds Interest in The Uninteresting.

The Era of Predigestion is Man's Last Embellishment.

Jonas and Matilda comment on the Hens and Human Nature in Chickens and in Dogs.

Behind the Eye The Round World registers The Beneficent Effects of the World's Sphericity.

The Dominant Joke, the Wit and Humor concerning Le Nouveau Pauvre are among the Amenities of Street Car Travel.

The Gossamer, Butterfly Psychology concerning The Rock and the Pool are among the Woodland Mysteries.

Ear-trumpeting with Friar Juniper while Traveling on the Branch led talk to The Science of Names.

A Hunter of the Grasstops, Straining at the Tether, found a Speed Limit for Love.

After Winter's Departure, Him Went Home to Him's Muvver.

The Passing of Emily Ruggles's has The Embarrassment of Finality.

Pet Economies are the Turning Points of Old-Clothes Sensations.

Rain on the Roof is similar to Shower Baths.

After Sawing Wood, one is induced to Fire Worship.

M. S. L.,
G. P.

Soph.: "Going to Zeke's dance?"

Senior: "I didn't know he was running one."

Soph.: "Sure he is! Haven't you seen the ads for Fireman's Ball?"

* * *

Miss Johnson in Latin Class: "Miss Potter, give an illustration of a wish unable to be fulfilled!"

Miss Potter, with a deep sigh: "Oh, I would that *he* were here!"

In Latin class the other day, Pendergast displayed the latest fad among the "inaseulines"—a pocket-comb à la Vergil!

* * *

After taking a straw ballot in school, an unsophisticated Sophomore said to her mother: "Oh, Mother, we took a 'grass' ballot in school today."

* * *

Miss Hayes to Knaus, who was wandering around: "Knaus, come down here and sit where I can see you without looking at you."

* * *

Senior: "Hullo, Toby, got a new suit?"

Sophomore: "It's papa's old one."

Senior: "Did mamma cut it down?"

Sophomore: "No sir, pa had it washed."

* * *

Miss Elliot: "Who can answer that question? Miss Williams?"

Miss W.: "No—er—I can't."

Miss Elliot: "Pardon me, I thought you looked intelligent."

* * *

An instance of Molloy's brilliance in History:

Miss Elliot: "What was Jefferson a member of?"

Molloy: "The Jefferson family. Also—"

Miss Elliot: "Was there another Burr besides Aaron?"

Molloy: "Yes, Chestnut."

* * *

Favorite Sayings

Pendergast (going to Physics): "Then comes my fit again!"

Miss Elliot (after seventh period): "I have lived long enough!"

Molloy (looking at class tax notice): "To pay or not to pay!"

Mr. Smith to second period class: "And I was told that this was a brainy class!"

Miss Blaisdell (greeting first period

class): "Trouble, trouble, toil and trouble!"

Myrtha's daily dirge: "Oh, I've a new crush!"

Miss Wilson (looking at Gardner Fisher): "Holy mackerel!"

Mr. Larson (as Junior Manual Training class comes in): "Blocks, blocks everywhere!"

Mr. Grant (looking over report cards): "There will be weeping, and gnashing of teeth!"

Mr. Morse (as the Seniors sing): "There's music in the air." (Was this sarcasm?)

$x + 2 = 2$

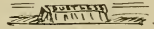


$$2 = \pi A^2$$

$$\frac{1+3}{5-1} = 2$$



Why
Grace Potter's
veiled remarks
are so
successful -



Miss Johnson (after she noticed Pendergast combing his hair): "I didn't know boys carried such things!"

Pendergast: "You'd be surprised!"

* * *

Miss Curran: "He gave all his money away; so he died a broken man."

* * *

Anderson (grandiloquently): "The conversation of water is a great thing."

* * *

The Sophomores are our sister class; so why marvel at their pep, brilliance, et cetera?

Junior Class Notes

The Junior Promenade, held on the Friday following Thanksgiving, was a very successful affair, both socially and financially.

Upon entering the hall, one's attention was first attracted to the stage, which was adorned with potted palms and silver and green balloons. The hall was tastefully decorated in these same colors, which are also the class colors. In the rear of the room the attention was caught by a large green banner, bearing in silver the numerals "1926."

Ushers received the guests and introduced them to the matrons—Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Geary and Mrs. Ryan.

The first event was the Grand March, led by President William Geary and Vice-President Mary Ryan. This afforded one of the greatest pleasures of the evening.

The music, furnished by McIsaac's Orchestra, was enjoyed greatly by the visitors, among whom were included many of our alumni.

All left the hall at twelve o'clock feeling that they had thoroughly enjoyed a good time and that they might look forward with pleasure to the next year's prom.

* * *

Junior: "I should think raisins would be heavy."

Senior: "Why?"

Junior: "Because there's so much iron in them."

* * *

It's funny that—

Slavin does so much home work.

Geary likes chemistry.

Welch is called "the ideal scholar."

Renaghan never makes any funny remarks.

The Juniors never waste their study periods.

Miss Blake is afraid of giving too much home work.

Mr. Smith is inspired by his chemistry class.

* * *

Roberts: "The carpenter sat on his chest—"

Pike: "Yes, yes!"

Roberts: —"and stood on his head—"

Pike: "Say, he wasn't a carpenter!"

Roberts: "What was he?"

Pike: "A contortionist!"

* * *

Miss Mahoney (answering question): "I think the parson wanted to stick to the Bible."

* * *

Teacher: "What do you get if you combine salt and water?"

Pupil (after deep thought): "The ocean."

* * *

The chemistry teacher was driven to despair. To his question, no matter how simple, came the well-known response, "I don't know." Finally he asked, "Can anyone tell me what a reducing agent is?" After a short silence, a disguised voice from the rear answered, "The Daily Dozen."

* * *

King: "How many better-work cards did you get?"

Johnson: "Three."

King: "Three? What did you get them in?"

Johnson: "An envelope."

* * *

Pike's favorite expression (after hearing a joke): "Ha! Ha! Put it in the 'Argu-enot!'"

We Wonder If—

A dog could light a match on his pants.

A cat could tell her tail.

Water would leak out of the Big Dipper.

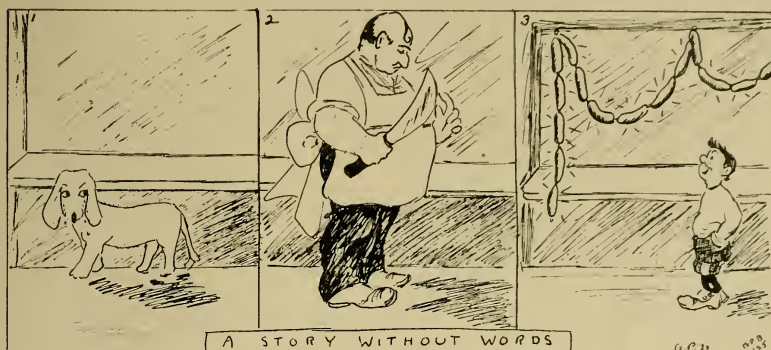
A stove-lifter could lift a stove.

Hot dogs would enjoy a fan.

Anybody has ever heard a watch tell time.

The Prohibition law will be ever enforced.

Anybody will answer these questions.



Sophomore Notes

The Sophomore Party

The Sophomore Class held their party on the evening of November 14, 1924, in Social Hall. The president and vice-president of the Junior and Senior Classes were the guests of the Sophomores.

Molloy's Orchestra very kindly furnished the music.

Everyone enjoyed a very pleasant evening, with games, dancing and a very clever entertainment given by several members of the class. Alma McCarthy sang, Helen Owens danced, Gertrude O'Brien read, Helen Mutch sang, Julia Lydon danced and a group of boys sang a clever take-off on "That Old Gang of Mine." The boys were: Thomas Barrett, Richard Crosby, Francis Flaherty, Wilbur Fay, Thomas Foley and William Cavanaugh. Joseph Conley played the Saxophone.

"Reverie"

It has always been the custom for the Sophomore Class to present a play at the Christmas Assembly.

This year's Sophomore Class chose "Reverie," a play written by Percival Wilde and coached by Mr. Burnam.

The cast was made up of the following:

Governor Harkness	Charles Blanchard
Grandmother	Alma McCarthy
Mrs. Richard Harkness, Jr.	Elizabeth Walker
Mr. Richard Harkness, Jr.	Alden Noble
Mrs. George Harkness	Bertha Daniels
Mr. George Harkness	Clifford Nelson
Butler	Francis Curran
Grandson	Arthur Hennessey

Memories

Bess	Margaret Flaherty
Sarah	Eleanor Whitcher

Susanne
Jack
Martha
Tom, a barefoot boy
Nell
Anna

Julia Lydon
Edna Bateman
Margaret Turner
Helen Owens
Gertrude O'Brien
Hilda Rafuse

The Governor and the Grandmother were very realistic, and the dancing added a pleasant touch to the play. In fact all took their parts admirably.

The interclass Basket Ball teams were organized after the Thanksgiving recess.

Thus far the Sophomore team has played one game with 9A and 9B. Although the Ninth Grades put up a good fight, they lost to the Sophomores with a very close score of four to three. The line-up was the following:

Sophomores	9A & B
Curran c	Zirgeebel c
A. McKale c	Tobin c
Devine g	Farioli f
Moloney g	M. Connolly f
Rorke f	Thomson f
King f	Bashford f
Mahoney f	Bird f
	Maddern g
	Wacks g

Time: 2 5-minute periods.

Scorer: Agnes Kelliher.

Referee: Miss Follet.

The Sophomores have elected Julia Mahoney for captain of their team and Elizabeth MacGlashan for business manager.

There has not been much class spirit shown at these games. If you come to the school games, why not come to your own class game?

Only a few Sophomores have gone out for Basket Ball; have you? If not, why?

Come on Sophomores, back up your

team! Let's have our team the winning team! They won't be unless you help them.

Mary: "Mother, may I go out to play?"

Mother: "What, with that dirty face?"

Mary: "No, with the children across the street."

Ex.

* * *

Miss Estes: "How did Rosalind plan to cure Orlando of his love for her?"

Miss Kelson: "By marrying him."

* * *

A cross-word puzzle joke: A word of two letters which a girl sometimes uses when she means "Yes." Answer—"No."

* * *

Shrimp Hennessey took his shoes up to the cobbler's, where the following conversation took place:

Cobbler: "These shoes don't need fixing."

Shrimp: "All right, keep them till they do."

* * *

Towne, translating: "The roofs were made of blackboards."

* * *

We wonder why—

Everett Noble talks so much.

Jarvis Barrett is so modest.

Herbert Oliver is so pleasant.

Julia Lydon is on a diet.

Barry is so sober.

Curley Miller never smiles.

* * *

Why is gossip like the ocean?

Because it never dries up.

* * *

Miss McGonagle (in typewriting class): "Why! the faint was so type you could hardly see it!"

* * *

Heard on way from school—1st girl to 2nd: "It's a wonderful day to go out walking tonight isn't it?"

Bells

Campbell's beans.

Telephone bells.

Doorbells.

Dumbbells.

Belles of the ball.

Ships' bells.

Cow bells.

Tinkling bells.

School bells.

* * *

Alice Johnson: "Just see how those football players are covered with mud! How do they ever get it off?"

Robina Anderson: "What do you suppose the scrub teams are for?"

* * *

Miss Elliot: "What were the Protestants called in France?"

Miss Kelliher: "Arguenots—no I mean Huguenots!"

* * *

Fulton (to Barrett): "I'm living near the river now. Drop in some time."

There is at least one Hercules in the Barrett family—Jarvis was actually seen tearing up the street the other day.

* * *

Miss Stockwell (reading notice): "The Sophomore play will take place tomorrow. Sophomores may ask parents to attend. Parents will please sit in the balcony instead of on the floor."

* * *

Miss Foster (in teaching grammar to French Class): "You use the verb when the sentence is of small importance. For instance: 'We won the football game yesterday'."

Cobb: "That ain't anything of small importance!"

* * *

Miss Stockwell to Soph.: "Will you please see that the papers are covered over and the typewriters thrown in the basket?"

Soph.: "Yes."

Fogarty's Tea

As I sat by my window one evening,
The letterman brought unto me,
A little gilt-edged invitation
Sayin', "Cronan, come over to tea."

I knew it came from Miss Fogarty;
So I went for old friendship's sake.
And first thing they gave me to tackle
Was a piece of Miss Fogarty's cake.

Tom Grogan was roarin' in spasms
And I thought he was sure goin' to die,
And the rest o' 'em swore they was
pisened
From eatin' Miss Fogarty's pie.

There were sick men scattered all over
the house
When Miss Fogarty says unto me,
"I think all the gentlemen like to come here
For some cake and a nice cup of tea."

"Oh yes mam," says I to Miss Fogarty,
And I bid her a hasty adoo.
"There's nothing that pleases them better
Than to line up their stomicks with
glue."

BERNARD CRONAN, '25.

Alumni Notes

We don't know what the especial attraction is at Colby, but all the Colby fellows who were home expressed their eagerness to get back to Waterville in a hurry.

Practically all the Alumni who are matriculating attended the Senior Dance and inspected the new crop of youngsters.

As we go to press we hear that "Jack" Corcoran, '21, and Esther Sinclair have filed marriage intentions. We wish them luck and happiness on their entrance into the "land of bliss and bondage."

A dark rumor is in circulation to the effect that "Norrie" Potter is one of the high markers in his class at Colby. We anxiously await Norrie's denial of this slander.

"Dave" Foren was home for the holidays and looked fit as a fiddle. "Dave" entertained several Norwood-B. C. fellows, including Jimmie Flaherty, in Syracuse at the B. C.-Syracuse game.

According to reports, all the Alumni who attend college are "bright lights." (Some are brighter than others—they use plenty of "oil.")

The Alumni certainly has shown up

well athletically. Dower at B. C. received more publicity in two months than a movie actress would get in a year.

Rumor hath it that the reunion and theater party of '18 was a success. A proposed joint reunion of Classes '21 and '22 fell through because of lack of enthusiasm.

Agnes Marsh, '24, was one of the refugees of the Bridgewater Normal School fire.

A group of the Alumni united under the appellation (word of eleven letters meaning title) of "The Darc Knights" has enlivened the season with two dances at which "a good time was had by all" according to Mr. Hurney, our local scribe. Among those responsible were the Thompson Brothers, "Benny" Wenzel, "Gito" Myers, "Unc" Russell and George Jones. If they think they derive any advertising from this item, all contributions (checks, please) will be gratefully received.

Frank Foley, '24, is connected with a large Maine steamship corporation.

John Conley, '20, is with a Boston wool house.

EXCHANGES

THE ARGUENOT ON OUR COMMENTS

"The Abhis"—Your alumni issue cover design is splendid; and while your magazine holds a place among the best that we receive, we think a separate advertising section would be a decided improvement.

"The Tripod"—Your story entitled "Beyond the Amazon" is an excellent one, but why not add more? Why not enlarge your exchange column, also?

"The Alpha"—Your December issue

surely lived up to its name of "fun issue." "Looney Legends" was particularly humorous and we enjoyed the exchange department under the title of "School in Schoolhighville."

"The Tauntonian"—A good magazine for one so small. Why not try a little of Coué's principles, "Day by day in every way our paper is getting bigger and better"?

"The Broadcast"—A small but neat paper containing good material. Your

contribution on "How to Propose" was good, as was the one entitled "Unique Glances."

"The Item"—An exceptionally fine paper containing excellent departments. The Joke Department affords us many a laugh.

"The Semaphore"—Why not try to make your paper a larger one with separate departments? A very "newsy" magazine as it stands.

COMMENTS ON OUR ARGUENOT

"The Abhis"—You have a wonderful magazine. Everything is well arranged and your Literary Department is excellent, in fact, every department deserves praise.

"The Advance"—The "Arguenot" from Norwood, Mass. is an exceptionally good school paper and has one of the most interesting literary departments we have seen. It contains an excellent variety of stories, poems, essays and jokes. The departments are well balanced and equally as well edited. The foreign

language department is a clever idea and we are glad to see it. A few cartoons and more Alumni news would improve the paper.

The following exchanges have been received:

"The Advance," Salem, Mass.

"The Alpha," New Bedford, Mass.

"The Abhis," Abington, Mass.

"The Tripod," Roxbury Latin School.

"Boston University News," Boston, Mass.

"The Northeastern Tech," Boston, Mass.

"The Blue and White," Putnam, Conn.

"Academy News," Hartland, Me.

"The Semaphore," Stoughton, Mass.

"The Tatler," Buena Vista, Va.

"The Item," Dorchester, Mass.

"The Tauntonian," Taunton, Mass.

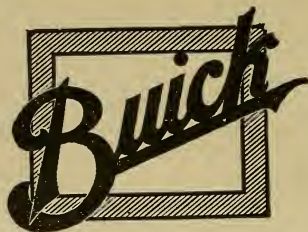
"The Spectator," Chicopee, Mass.

"The Oredigger," Colorado.

"The Register," Boston Latin School.

"The Broadcast," Jamaica Plain, Mass.





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